

The magnificence of our Christmas merchandise is the talk of everybody. The entire establishment, every section on every floor offers large assortments of Christmas merchandise.

The array of hundreds and thousands of separate articles offers something that would be a suitable gift for anyone—or for all—on your list, be it for father, mother, husband, wife, son daughter, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, sweetheart or friend.

Youngstown,
Ohio

McKelvey's

Youngstown,
Ohio

Thousands of children are guests of The Big Store this week at the opening of this attractive section.

Even grown folks show much enthusiasm in viewing the toys, the creations of almost every country on the face of the earth. It is now up to the parents and kinsfolk to give those dear children, what their little hearts crave. We have made it much easier by making prices exceedingly low.



Toys do for the children, what literature and art do for their elders—supply the mind with images and develop breadth and activity of thought.

There is true economy in buying Toys at The Big Store. Selection is almost bewildering, everything in the "toy world," genius could conceive. Prices never were more reasonable.

POSITIVELY THE GREATEST AND MOST INTERESTING ASSEMBLAGE OF TOYS IN THE MAHONING VALLEY OPENING DAYS IN TOYLAND, THIS WEEK

Iron and Steel Trains, price 25c to \$3.00.

Spelling Boards, entirely new, price \$1.25.

Nickle, dime and Quarter Savings Banks, price \$1.25.

Iron Ranges, price 25c to \$5.00.

White Enamelled Dressers, Sideboards, China Closets, etc., price \$1.25 to \$10.00.

Trunks in a large variety, price 25c to \$2.25.

Galloping Pony, entirely new, the pony that walks, price \$7.50.

All the new and old games—Box Ball, Pocket Ball, Pop-pintow, Boston Baked Beans, Rush Toss, Rubber Out, Disko Gun, Whistle It, Divers, Fish Pond, Cut Maps of Penna. and Ohio, U. S. Maps, Crazy Traveler, Bombardment, Disco, Whack-a-back, Bolo, Grocery Closures with real groceries, price 50c to \$2.00.

Ivory Electric Trains are good and reliable, price \$6.00 to \$20.00.

Swinging Horses, price \$5 to \$16.50.

Rook—Flinch, both new card games, price 50c.

Tool Chests, price 50c to \$3.50.

Drums, price 65c to \$3.

Spelling Boards, price 75c to \$1.00.

Clark's Friction Tops, the most desirable top made, no spring to get out of order, price 50c to \$1.00.

Flexible Flyer Sleds, the sled that steers, price \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.75 and \$4.50.

Pry-a-Fly Sleds, price \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.25.

Madame Steiff's Dolls in all German boys and girls, dressed in their native costumes, can be dressed and undressed, price 75c to \$8.00.

Complete line of Madame Steiff's Goods (the woman who made the first Teddy Bear) hand-made Bears on casters, Dragons, Donkeys on casters, etc. Most durable toys you can buy.

The new Top Flying Machine. Each machine has been tested and regulated to fly horizontally in a circle.

A large line of the newest and best novelties in this line.

Toy China Tea Sets, price 5c to \$6.00.

Toy Aluminum Tea Sets, price 5c to \$6.00.

Toy Granite Tea Sets, price 5c to \$6.00.

Celluloid Dolls, don't break, can be washed, glit to handle, price 25c to \$5.00.

Dolls' Heads in all sizes, with or without eye lashes, price 25c to \$3.

Kid Dolls of superior quality and workmanship, price 25c to \$10.00.

Jointed Dolls are always good, no joint but what can be moved, price 75c to \$15.00.

Dressed Dolls, price 25c and up.

Baby Bump, the new unbreakable doll, dressed in rompers, price 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Flying Birds and Flying Machines, price 19c and up.

Flying Tops that fly as high as a house, price 25c to \$3.00.

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Modeline, the new moulding clay for children, never gets hard and always ready for use, price 25c, 50c and \$1.

Game of Halma, price 85c.

Doll Beds with mattress, springs and pillows, price 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Doll Bassinets, price 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Wooden Embossed Blocks, price 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Checker Boards, price 10c, 25c and 50c.

Dominoes, price 25c.

Chess Men, price 75c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Daisy Air Rifle, price 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

American made unbreakable dolls, price 25c and 50c.

Trumpets and Horns, in a great variety, price 5c to \$3.00.

Nickle Plated Tops, price 10c to 75c.

Organs, price \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Rolling Chimes, price 25c to \$1.50.

Pop Guns, price 10c.

Thombones, price 35c to \$1.50.

Accordions, price 25c to \$4.00.

Revolvers, price 10c, 15c and 25c.

Sheep, Goats, Donkeys, Pigs, Cats, Bull Dogs, Elephants, etc. in great variety, price 25c to \$10.

Imported Drums, price 30c to \$3.60.

Net Balls, price 25c.

Hessmobiles, price 25c to \$1.25.

Boats and Fire Boats, price 25c to \$3.00.

Celluloid Balls and Trampets, price 10c to 25c.

Tolly Pollys, price 10c to \$1.25.

Steam Engines, price 50c to \$2.00.

Game Boards, price \$2.50 to \$4.75.

Iron Toys, consisting of hook and ladder, fire engines, locomotives, road cars, ice wagons, mule carts, pony carts, trolleys, dump-carts, traps, coal wagons, etc., price 25c to \$5.00.

Office Chairs, price \$1.25.

Red Tables, price 25c, 50c and \$1.25.

Red Chairs, both straight and rocker, price 25c and 50c.

Pool Tables, made good, price \$5, \$8 and \$12.

Crockinole Boards, price \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Desks for boys and girls, with flat or roll top, of solid oak, well made, price \$1 to \$15.00.

Police Men, Firemen and Indian Suits, price 50c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Black Boards, made of good solid oak with scroll, price \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Humpty Dumpty, the most interesting toy for children, will stand in any position, price \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Foot Balls, price \$1.25.

Rally Pop Gun, price 15c.

Pianos for little girls, price 55c to \$5.50.

Sheep Folds, price 30c to \$1.00.

Wooden Cube Blocks, price 25c to \$1.25.

The Weeden Toy Engines hown by us this year, a domestic make which is fully warranted, any piece can be replaced. Price \$1.00 to \$12.

Weeden Electric Motor is a wonder, price \$1.00.

Ives Trains need no introduction. We have sold them for years. The most satisfactory train and track made, price \$1.00 to \$25.00.

Separate Tracks, either straight or curved, price 10c.

Separate Engines, price 75c to \$3.00.

Switches, Humpers, Cross Tracks. All the necessary articles for building a complete railroad.

Push Horses, price 30c to \$1.00.

Separate Cars, price 50c to \$1.25.

Imported Electric Motors, price \$1.50 to \$5.00. Painted Rubber Balls, good bright colors, the kind that delight the eye of the children, price 10c to \$1.50.

Shoo Fly, price 75c, \$1, \$1.25 and up to \$2.00.

Helene, an Individual Soul

She was strange, this child, strange by being the offspring of commonplace parents. They were cottagers in a village near the sea where I once stayed for a short while. I had been ill, and was compulsively idle, which was the time when one hungers for company, especially the company of children.

I made my own introduction to her. It was the usual one of a pat on the head and a kindly word. Helene looked up from her play in the dust of the road, and the look convicted me of impudent patronage. Then she went on with her play.

Acquaintance with her parents was easier. Her father welcomed my call for a smoke and a chat in the evening; but I should have found the same uninteresting without Helene. At first she flew from me like day before night, reappearing only when I had gone; or, if her bedtime came while I was there, she would call her father out of the room to say good night to him. Bribes of toys and sweets proved futile. I began to feel like an ogre. Then, and suddenly, she changed. She came to the house where I had my room, and asked for me. Did I feel better, because mother had said I was "very bad"?

She was only six and diminutive at that—pale, small-featured child, with firm lips and black hair. Her expression was peculiarly mature, as though her character were already formed.

Her few friends were queerly varied. A headless doll, a dog and me; these I knew of, and each of us, it seemed, had to be transformed ere we were worthy. The headless doll was a baby. It was said, she said, because it had no face and its neck was broken. That was why she loved it, I suppose.

The dog, too, was sad. He was a beautiful prince whom a wicked fairy had turned into a dog. He certainly had the saddest face in all the world. It was the brink of tears made into canine countenance. A black, little dog, of no determinate breed, with the round, miserable eyes of a spaniel and the nose of a pug. Her name for him was Sammy, which lent itself well to imperative or coaxing call. Helene had no guests of affection; she was regally uncommunicative. Her utmost caress for him was a little benedictory pat. Himself, she shielded from a touch as a colt from the whip.

And then me. Me she transformed. God knows, else had we been strangers life-longly. But into what, she never told me. She took possession of me; that was all. There is sadness latent in all of us, maybe, and perhaps my sadness was the sort she understood. I can find no other reason.

Though she was solitary, and, as I loved, a mopey trio, Helene had a gloom. She had a nature as radiant as a sun on water. When we were all with her, subjects in her kingdom, I believe she was the happiest thing

on earth.

We used to go out together, along the lanes, into the fields. We found favorite spots, and would spend the whole morning or afternoon undisturbed. She learned to fill my pipe, and would hold the match, standing the while, her face as solemn as though she were performing a religious rite. When I was sitting and she standing, her height and mine were about level.

She was strangely sensitized. She seemed to quiver to thought-waves. Every mood of mine she could tell. I was cross; I was sad; I was "feeling bad." If I made the assertion of these things myself she would contradict me flatly. If I persisted she would dimple into a smile and contradict again. It was impossible to be a humbug to her.

Perhaps because of what her mother had told her she looked upon a lapse of health as a fault; and it was a fault that she declined to condone. Even an accidental sneeze would earn her censure.

"You are naughty," she would tell me, with stress of infinite severity on the verb. Excuse was useless. She would refuse to speak for a long time, castigating me for my good. There was only one explanation of this, and it bred humility. I was precious to her.

When her mood was play she delighted for me to seek. Her unconcern was exquisite—until it pleased her to feign anger. Then she would threaten dire things. She was going home; she would never come out with me again; it was no good my being sorry. She would even suit the action to the threat and go. But for a few yards. Then, still if I held out she would creep slowly back and bring her face close to mine, her eyes dancing, a dimple lurking in her cheek. The only way to avoid the capitation of a smile was to look aside.

"Oh, that isn't fair!" she would complain. Borrow struck her one day, as it strikes us all. I heard about it from her lips. She came alone to my room to tell me—came blindly, I think. Her solitariness was intense that day.

She stood in the doorway looking at me. She was very white and very still. "Sammy's dead," she said. I could only look.

"He's dead," she said again, passively. "He's been run over. They're going to bury him. I thought I'd like to tell you."

She turned to go. I didn't speak. "Don't you ever die, will you?" she said, looking at me again. "I'll try not to," I said. Her little figure had suddenly gone dim.

She went away.

Soon afterward they sent for me from her home. She had found the place where the dog was buried. They had tried to pick her up, and she had bitten her father's hand. When I saw her she was still lying on the grave.

The time came for me, also to leave her. There was no grief shown at

our parting. Sammy could never come back; I could. She was never going to have another dog, she said. She told me I should not be "bad" again, because she prayed for me every night. "But you must be good," she said, "or God might not listen."

She was a strange child, weirdly wise. I often wonder what would have happened to her if she had lived. I think her love story would have been a tragedy.

The Love Classic

The bench was of wooden slats, painted green. Above one end hung pinkish balls of hydrangeas; at the other, lilacs nodded perfume the perfect bower. Upon the bench nestled dreamy Miss Euphrosyne and Major Stanton, whom all his little world called unimaginative.

"I am going to read to you today, major," answered Miss Euphrosyne. "Humph!" snorted the major. "That isn't what I came here to talk to you about."

"But, major," protested the lady. "I wrote this poem myself. It is a sonnet and its name is 'When Love Beckons.'" "Humph!" snorted Major Stanton. "How could love beckon? How many hands has love? Who ever saw it?"

The lady flushed. "Now, don't be foolish. I'm going to read and I want honest, candid criticism!" The major stirred uneasily beneath the fluffy balls of hydrangeas. "But I didn't come to listen to poetry. I wanted to ask you something."

"Listen," cautioned Miss Euphrosyne. Then she began to read in soft, liquid cadence: "When night has cast her mantle o'er the sword—"

"Humph!" interrupted the major. "I guess that mantle of night figure is about the oldest figure ever invented. I think Ham sang it to Shem during the big rain."

Miss Euphrosyne smiled, but not too sweetly, and resumed: "And the silver notes of Nature's nocturnal wind—"

"Humph! Humph! Pahaw!!!" spluttered the major. "I would like to know who first told a poet notes were silver."

"Major Stanton," said Miss Euphrosyne severely. "You might at least be kind."

The major grinned. All right. You said to be honest. Let's get it over. I want to talk about ourselves."

Miss Euphrosyne took up the broken thread: "Through leaf and dale, o'er scarp and dune and fell—"

"Hey, stop!" cried the major. "Is this an American poem, or is it pig-chinese or Hottentot? What is a leaf and dune? You'll have to cut out that nature faking."

Miss Euphrosyne turned squarely, and her flush was deep, and her voice quivered. "Major Theophilus Stanton, I wish to distinctly understand that I have you no license to be insulting. If you are not able to appreciate good poetry, you ought to keep still about it. And as for this, quotation relative

been hinting about 'asking—why, I could never care for a man who did not care for sonnets."

"Oh," sighed the major; "that's different."

"My ideal is the man who does not poetry," continued Miss Euphrosyne, dreamily.

"Ah," sighed the major; "let's have that exquisitely beautiful sonnet again."

Miss Euphrosyne looked glowingly at the candid critic, then read the sonnet through, dwelling lovingly on each sounding rhyme. When she had finished, she looked inquiringly at Major Stanton. That gentleman had risen to his feet.

NEW USE FOR WHALES.

It is on record that a schoolboy essayist once solemnly stated that the sheep is famous for its mutton chops; soon another can follow suit and tell us that the whale is renowned for its cutlets. In Chiffonia waters a whaler has been equipped with a canning installation and expects in one voyage to put about 20,000 pounds of flesh of the leviathan of the deep. Whale, it is averred, makes good feeding, somewhat rich and even greasy, but eminently sustaining and on the whole toothsome. Hitherto, as soon as the blubber was secured and that practice sets up rather a prejudice against the dish. It now appears, however, that the only reason for letting the flesh go adrift was the impossibility of storing it once that difficulty is overcome. It is expected that whale cutlet will be first a wonder, then a delicacy and finally a common item of diet.

A paean of praise of fish as a universal article of food has recently been sung by Sir James Crichton-Browne to a meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors' association, held, appropriately enough, in the London Fish-mongers' Hall. In particular, he recommended a fish food as a preventative of the great white plague, tuberculosis. It will come as revelation to many to learn, on authority, that the despised blubber offers the largest amount of nutriment for a given sum of any animal food, and that two salt herring contain as much animal protein as need enter into the daily dietary of an ordinary workman.

A new terror was indeed added to those to which the sanitary inspectors are already exposed. As fish often signalize by a trifling change in the odor they emit the point when they have ceased to be edible, Sir James proposes that the inspectors, in addition to the other tests they have to undergo, should be required to pass a nasal examination. Some men he said, are born without the sense of smell—even great poets have been known to be thus afflicted. The sense may be abolished by disease and quickened by education. The spectacle of the candidate tuning up his olfactory organ to the requisite pitch will be a sight for gods and men. A few force will be added to the nickname by which the sanitary inspector is even now known—namely, a "smeller-out."

But to return to our whales. There is some doubt as to whether the whale can or cannot be properly classed as fish. He is in much the same case as the crab, which someone once defined as "a red fish that walks backward," whereupon those who were more intimately acquainted with the crustacean retorted that he was not red, was not a fish and did not walk backward—all of which shows the danger of dogmatism in definition. The point, therefore, has been raised as to whether, if you are debared from eating meat on Fri-

day, you can fall back on whale. It is a subtle question, and will, we suppose, have to be settled by the theologians. For our part we lean to the belief that for a long time to come those who can have whale flesh during the remainder of the week will willingly dispense with it one day out of seven.—Washington Post

CHOKED OFF.

"Gentlemen," began the man with the horseshoe pin. "I was raised in New England, and when Thanksgiving came 'round—"

"Please don't!" interrupted the man with the broken nose. "But I was raised in New England, and when—"

"I am willing to buy you off!" "You are offensive, sir. I was going to say—"

"Oh, yes, but don't! You are going to tell about those old Thanksgiving dinners up in Vermont—cider—pies—turkeys—geese—ducks—gathering of the Smith family, and all that. It's old. We've been hearing about those feasts and gatherings for the last hundred years. Please come off!"

"Sir, you batted in too quick," observed the other. "I was simply going to say that when our Thanksgiving Days came 'round we had pork and beans for dinner, and there wasn't a Smith within ten miles of us. Some folks are altogether too smart!"

To Kill Bull Thistles.

Bull thistles, common in pastures, cannot always be killed by mowing. Cutting tends to prevent maturing of seed. Cutting off the thistles just below the surface of the ground two or three times a year will effectually eradicate them. Working the ground in rotation of grass, grain and corn is a very sure way of eradicating weeds.

A Simple Safeguard for Mothers.

Mrs. D. Gillespie, 356 Ingles Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, gained wisdom by experience. "My little girl had a severe cold and coughed almost continuously. My sister recommended Foley's Honey and Tar. The first dose I gave her relieved the inflammation in her throat and after using only one bottle her throat and lungs were entirely free from inflammation. Since then I always keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar in the house. Accept no substitutes. F. A. Morris

A Necessary Thing.



Mrs. Koyné—Doctor, I desire to spend next winter in Florida. Dr. Wise—Certainly, madame. Have you selected your disease yet?

Cruel Man.



Mrs. Newwood (their first quarrel)—Alas! I have nothing to live for. Mr. Newwood—You can hardly expect to live for nothing at the present market value of provisions.

Too Good for This World.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child, according to Success. "Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday." "I'm so sorry," he said sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner, he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?"

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.